

# Songs of the British Isles

Arranged with new Symphonies & Accompaniments  
by Healy Willan

AE FOND KISS	
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT	
BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON, THE	
BARBARA ALLEN	
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES	Old English Air
EARLY ONE MORNING	
I ATTEMPT FROM LOVE'S SICKNESS TO FLY	Henry Purcell
IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS	Thomas Morley
KNOTTING SONG, THE	Henry Purcell
LITTLE RED LARK, THE	Irish Melody
LOCH LOMOND	Trad. Scottish Melody
MEN OF HARLECH	
MY BONNIE MARY	
Nymphs and Shepherds, Come Away	Henry Purcell
PRETTY POLLY OLIVER	Seventeenth Century Tune
SELF-BANISHED, THE	John Blow
WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM	Old Irish Air
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND	

16,918  
20.7.64

(Other numbers are now in the Press and will be ready shortly.)

THE FREDERICK HARRIS CO.

40, BERNERS ST., LONDON, W.1, ENGLAND.  
And at DUNDAS ST., OAKVILLE, ONT., CANADA.

MADE IN ENGLAND

# The Self-banished

Arranged by HEALEY WILLAN

EDMUND WALLER

JOHN BLOW  
(1643-1702)

*Andante moderato*

PIANO

1. It is not that I love you less, Than when be -  
2. Who in the spring - time, from the sun Al - read - y

-fore your feet I lay; But to pre - serve the  
has a fe - ver got. Too late be - gins those

sad in - crease Of hope - less love, I keep a - way:  
shafts to shun Which Phoe - bus through his veins hath shot.

3rd verse begins here

In vain, a - las! for ev - 'ry - thing, Which I have  
Too late he would the pain as - suage, And to thick  
3. But vow'd I have, and nev - er must Your ban - ish'd

known be - longs to you. Your form does to my  
sha - dows does re - tire: A - bout with him he  
ser - vant trou - ble you. For if I break, you

fan - cy bring, And makes my old wounds bleed a -  
bears the rage, And in his taint - ed blood the  
may mis - trust The vow I made to love you

1st and 2nd verses

Last verse

-new. \_\_\_\_\_ too.  
fire. \_\_\_\_\_



Low in B flat

Medium in C

High in D

# GLORIA.

SACRED SONG.

Words by  
M.C. SCHUTLER.

Mus. by  
A. BUZZI PECOLA.

*p con dolcezza*

Ev'ry flow'r feels the pow'r  
O-gui fior al te-por

*p* *dim* *p*

Of the bud-ding A-pril time, Ev'ry heart doth bear its part In  
del fio-ren-te A-pril O-gui cor al tuo a-mar

*p* *cresc.*

*rit* *allegro* *p*

prais-ing Thee, O Lord, di-vine. So the breeze on the seas  
Spie-gaun can ti-co gen-til L'ali-tar sou-ra i-mar

*rit* *a tempo* *ff*

Neath a cloud-less sum-mer sky Shows thy face re-flec-ted  
in so-ra-na di In tua gran-de spec-chius

*p* *sf*

PRICE 2/- NET.  
60¢

Glory to God who from the heav'n above, rulest supreme the world.

Ev'ry flow'r feels the power of the budding April time,  
Ev'ry heart doth bear its part in praising Thee, O Lord, divine.  
So the breeze on the seas, neath a cloudless summer sky,  
Shows thy face reflected, from the great throne on high!  
In the dark day of sorrow our comfort Thou art,  
From Thee must we borrow all solace for the heart.

God is there. Haste, His mercy implore; All acclaim His Great name. Sov'reign Lord, for evermore.

Glory Thou who art Lord of all;  
Who to thy power doth all mercy unite.  
Works of man endure not, all they pass in a night;  
Thou for ever reignest in thy splendour and might!  
Glory thou who art Lord of all;  
God of love, God of love, God of might, God for ever.

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